[ficlet] Distractions and Dishes

- Aug. 26th, 2011 at 10:08 AM

Title: Distractions and Dishes.
Fandom: Supernatural RPF/Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: None.
Pairings/Characters: Richard Speight Jr +/ Gabriel.
Word Count: 308 words.
Summary: Gabriel does not want Richard to waste time doing dishes.

Note: Written for **morganoconner** as a bribe for something. Darned if I can remember what, though. Set in the same 'verse as Skein Shopping and probably just as wildly OOC and definitely as silly as the first. Enjoy?

(Gabriel isn't helping. Not at all. Not when he's doing his best to get between Richard's chest and the sink.)

- Current Mood: busy

Gabriel isn't helping. Not at all. Not when he's doing his best to get between Richard's chest and the sink. He's also trying to get between Richard's arms, but Richard's not thinking about that. Not when Gabriel's doing his best to encourage those kind of thoughts by leaning in to whisper absolutely inappropriate suggestions into his ear.

"Gabriel," Richard says, after he nearly drops a plate this time, "Please. If you're not going to stop, can you at least wait until I don't have breakable objects in my hands?"

He oofs as Gabriel settles on his back, arms around his neck.

"Comfortable?"

"Almost." Gabriel bites his ear. "There we go."

"How does biting my - nevermind. Nevermind, I don't want to know." Richard resumes washing plates. "And we're not having sex today. You can stop suggesting it."

"How about tomorrow?"

"Keep asking and it will be at least a week before I consider it."

Gabriel trails fingers down the front of his shirt. "And if I insist?"

"Do you *really* want to upset me, Gabriel? I don't like fighting with you."

"That's because I win all the time." But Gabriel pulls his fingers back and nuzzles into his neck. "Can we at least cuddle?"

"Once this is done, yes."

The moment Richard said it, he should have known what would happen: Gabriel snaps his fingers and the dishes are all clean and sitting on the rack, drying. He then hops off Richard's back and tugs on his sleeve.

"I've upgraded the couch."

"You are such a kid," Richard mutters, but it's fond - he prefers Gabriel this way, for better or for worse. He lets himself be tugged along, and settles on the couch (which is now obscenely comfortable), wrapping his arms around Gabriel.

"Better?"

"Much!" Gabriel says, and settles in, flicking the television on without a remote.

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